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THE SONG OF THE  
**YELLOWSTONE**



BY  
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NORWOOD, OHIO







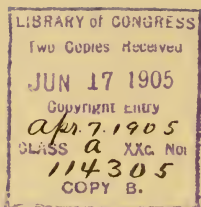
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1905  
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DEDICATED TO THE  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS


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## THE SONG OF THE YELLOW STONE

### I.

ING, O muse! happy lays,  
And inspire fitting praise  
Of great "Yellow Stone Park,"  
Lead my versified bark  
O'er the channel of thought  
To the wonderland sought  
Should you highly applaud  
The scenes witnessed abroad,  
Still preserved in their old  
Strong primordial mould;  
And the notes of your song  
Swell harmoniously along;  
Your best praise would amount  
To the tamest account  
Of great "Yellow Stone's" worth  
O'er all scenes of the earth.  
Call your visions to mind!  
Grand in form and in kind,  
Of Lakes, Rivers and Streams,  
Mountains — realized dreams;  
Nature's splendors sublime  
Of each country and clime;  
And without any peer  
On this known mundane sphere

Stands, the glorious mark:

Our "National Park."

Place with consummate tact

In that area compact

Of three thousand miles square

Ev'ry specimen fair

Of the world's leading views

And their multiform hues;

Not a soul will suspect

Their inspiring effect,

Till in endless surprise

It is thrown on his eyes,

With its beautiful charms

And its sudden alarms.

2.

The best entrance, no doubt,

May be reached by the route

Of well merited fame

"North Pacific" by name.

From its main line is spun

A fair sixty miles' run.

You leave "Livingston" bright

In the clear morning light;

For quaint "Gardiner" town,

Of Park entrance renown.

At a reasonable fare

A fine Pullman will care

For your comfort and ease,

And you go when you please.



A slight inkling of things,  
Which the "Wonderland" bring  
In majestic review,  
Is en-route given you.

3.

A fit preface per rail  
Is the old Indian trail  
    Passing "Devil's Slide" peak  
    To the depot unique,  
Which in quaint rustic style  
Holds attention the while  
    Expectation runs high,  
    When the keen strolling eye  
Spies the beautiful arch,  
Which records the swift march  
    Of our civilized aims.  
    Its inscription proclaims,  
What a patriot's heart  
Desired here to impart:  
    "For the benefit of  
    Our people" (we love)  
"And enjoyment for all  
Was erected this wall."  
    Such was Roosevelt's tone,  
    When the brown lava stone  
Was devoted by him  
As a grand sculptured hymn  
    To our country; a praise  
    Now, and all future days.

All the tourists were glad,  
 When they learned that they had  
     But a short time to wait  
     Near this arched entrance gate.  
 For already in line  
 From the mountain decline  
     Rushed six fiery bays,  
     Then six even matched grays,  
 And six coal black in line  
 Drew their coaches up fine.  
     Ev'ry passenger hied  
     To the stages and spied  
 Soon his favorite seat,  
 And his joy was complete,  
     When the baggage was stowed  
     With the rest of the load.  
 "All aboard" was the word,  
 "Hold fast" scarcely was heard;  
     And the horses, they danced  
     And impatiently pranced.  
 Up the mountain we went  
 On a pleasure trip bent.

From the crags and the crest,  
 Where the eagles find rest;  
     The perpetual snow  
     Cools its waters below.

From precipitous height  
Crystal streamlets alight,  
    And in madness rush by  
    Massive rocks to defy.  
Roaring, rising, they swell,  
Seeming anxious to tell  
    All the wonderful things  
    To be seen at the "Springs."  
U. S. cavalry leads  
The proud high-stepping steeds,  
    Patrols, guards in relays  
    Our advance and our stays,  
And gives splendid escort  
To the "Yellow Stone" fort.

6.

After lunch and a rest,  
Ev'ry strenuous guest,  
    For sight-seeing arrayed,  
    Came forth,—no one delayed.  
Evening suits are desired  
And for socials required  
    In the foyer and halls,  
    For games, music and balls.  
Plain suits answer the bill,  
Good for rambling at will.  
    Get thick soles for the feet,  
    Or else moccasins neat.  
Cow-boy hat for the head,  
Or some shading instead.

Unless vision be strong,  
Take blue spectacles along.  
Since umbrellas are spurned,  
We to overcoats turned;  
Or some other good wraps.  
A camera perhaps;  
Veils with ladies' attire  
(And no styles to admire)  
Make the outfit complete.

7.

All were happy to meet  
Our tried versatile guide,  
Who now pointed with pride  
To that glistening spot  
"Mammoth Springs" always hot,  
Whose font ceaselessly steams  
In bright myriads of streams.  
(Webs of delicate thread,  
O'er the area spread.)  
Well curved terraces trace  
Architectural grace.  
Models, carved by the hand  
Of true nature, here stand  
On the sloping hillside,  
Where rich colors abide.  
A brown chocolate hue  
Streaked with yellowish blue,  
Laced with orange and white,  
Gray tints, darkened and light,

In a sulphurous plaid  
With pearls thickly inlaid.  
Thus enchantingly gay,  
'Mid this color display,  
Glide the silver cascades,  
Singing love serenades  
To the reigning fair queen  
Of that beautiful scene.  
See; the frolicsome rills,  
Charming living idylls,  
Just like preachers of grace  
"Pulpit Terrace" embrace,  
From whose sculptured outline  
Of artistic design  
They respectfully bow,  
Preach a sermon on "How  
We should everywhere  
Praise God's fatherly care."  
And their touching appeal  
Stirs the audience to feel  
God's omnipotent power,  
In that grand solemn hour.  
Thence they silently stream  
Barren lands to redeem,  
And great blessings bestow  
On the acres below.

8.

Let us go to the source,  
Upwards wend our course;

Climb that structure unique  
Of mosaic antique.  
Around high terraced walls,  
Over which gently falls  
The clear water, and spreads  
Its thin mantle in shreds  
Of enameled bright glass.  
Let us carefully pass;  
'Tis a difficult climb  
On deposits of lime,  
Iron, sulphur, and clean  
Glaring white travertine.  
There's no danger to fear,  
Yet, small currents appear  
In shape, manner and mode  
Serpentine, and forbode  
No good; hissing hot wrath  
On their dubious path.  
The crust hollow but firm,  
Makes the traveler squirm  
At times; fearing a break,  
Or a fall, by mistake.  
Thus, we stepping with care,  
Breathing sulphurous air  
With a vigorous puff,  
Reach the coveted bluff.

9.

From here patches are seen  
Of Alfalfa's sweet green,

In the valley's expanse,  
Where young buffaloes dance,  
And the black-tailed deer  
Graze unconscious of fear.  
Where elks roam without care,  
And the clumsy old bear  
With his growling old mate  
Will go early and late,  
Near the public hotel,  
And are fattened up well.  
The hotel to the left  
In that widening cleft,  
See how cheerful it looks!  
In those fairy-like nooks,  
Where the mountains expose  
Its sweet sylvan repose.  
Well built, airy and long,  
It stands bidding the throng  
Of sight-seers to share  
Its kind hospitable care.

10.

Yonder's "Yellow Stone" fort  
Perched in pleasure's resort.  
A camp artfully planned,  
Also carefully manned.  
Little gem of the place,  
With its smiling clean face.  
And each edifice neat  
For a homely retreat,

Most invitingly sends  
A kind welcome to friends.  
    Yet a guardian's care  
    Keeps the cavalry there,  
Always riding about  
On the sharpest lookout,  
    At the Government's call:  
    "Give protection to all.  
Hoist old glory on high,  
Let the dear emblem fly!"  
    It proclaims the good news  
    To the journeying crews:  
"All my proteges here  
Shall have nothing to fear.  
    Men from every land  
    Grasp my strong friendly hand!  
Enjoy 'Yellow Stone' Park,  
And the national spark  
    Of a just and fair mind,  
    Will enlighten mankind!"

## II.

See, across the deep vale  
That decrepit and stale  
    Building. Off to the rear  
    A few cannons appear.  
That old ramshackle frame  
Bears a well honored name.  
    That fort guarded the lands,  
    When fierce Indian bands



In Eighteen Seventy-Eight,  
Flushed by Custer's sad fate,  
    Made their final attack ;  
    But compelled to go back,  
They were forced from the land  
By brave Howard's command.  
    In the carnage they fell,  
    And their bloodthirsty yell  
Closed forever the fight ;  
Now there's peace on that height.  
    Mountain sheep now espouse  
    Silent peace, as they browse.

12.

The last red men are said  
To have hastily fled,  
    When an Indian fell  
    In yon seething hot well,  
Almost hidden by dense  
Clouds of steam rising thence,  
    Which the fair changing breeze  
    Will soon sportively seize ;  
Anon, Eastwardly veer,  
And the view will be clear.  
    The guide going ahead  
    Picked the way, and then said :  
"For your comfort and ease  
Follow me, if you please ;  
    For all over the grounds  
    Boiling water abounds."

Those more venturesome sought  
Ways their own, and were caught  
    And detained for a while  
    On some treacherous isle.  
And the merry good laugh,  
Like the streams o'er the path,  
    Gurgled loudly and fast;  
    Until safely at last  
We stood right on the brink  
Of that terrible sink;  
    There still bubbling to-day,  
    As for centuries it may  
Have boiled old mother earth  
In a hideous mirth.

13.

If a hundred feet round  
Tank were sunk in the ground,  
    An artesian well  
    To depths no one could tell,  
And by slow, even waves  
It would draw from the caves  
    Beneath, water and gas  
    An astonishing mass,  
That flowed level and trim  
O'er the beautiful brim  
    Of fine mineral lace,  
    With an exquisite grace,  
As most gently each drop  
Left "Dame Nature's" workshop.

It would give you a hint  
Of that bottomless mint,  
Wherein treasures untold,  
In the underground mould  
Are mixed, melted and drawn  
By the generous faun,  
And unstintingly spread  
O'er the land of the dead.

14.

Just a few feet away  
Is another display,  
And the wonder may grow,  
How that fountain can throw  
From its orifice bright,  
In prismatic delight,  
Such cool water and clear,  
With the boiling well near.  
Its large volume and size,  
Steady fall and its rise  
Are the same as the first,  
Only minus the burst  
Of the high degree heat,  
But cool, temptingly sweet.

15.

To our rear the white ground  
Rises mound upon mound ;

Pains the eyes, as you go ;  
The top capped by the snow  
Has a belt of dark green,  
Where the woodland is seen.  
Many views on this climb  
Repay labor and time ;  
But you'll never forget  
The unique parapet  
In Minerva's domain  
Of pure white without stain.  
Marbled draperies hide  
Caves, where lovers abide.  
Onyx, crystallized stones,  
Form their petrified bones.

16.

Leaving fairy and imp,  
Down the terrace we limp,  
Passing many a gap,  
We spy "Liberty Cap,"  
A high sequestered rock,  
Which some powerful shock  
Tore away from the hill ;  
It flouts openly still  
Self-reliance this hour  
At tyrannical power.  
Well the Cap suits the thought,  
For thus freedom was bought.  
Independence is ours  
From all absolute powers.

Being tired and worn,  
 We took rest until morn,  
     And then early and bright,  
     To make sure all was right  
 For our forty mile tour,  
 We prepared to endure  
     The imagined hard knocks  
     O'er expected rough rocks.  
 The veranda was lined  
 With a people refined  
     At the hour of eight,  
     Who in friendly debate  
 Chose their parties of nine ;  
 Since the social twine  
     Is not woven in haste,  
     But by genial taste.  
 Thus we hailed the approach  
 Of the comfortable coach ;  
     Sturdy coachmen at will  
     Showed conspicuous skill  
 In controlling each steed  
 At an equalized speed ;  
     They were lustily cheered,  
     As they gracefully steered  
 Their two spans in a prance  
 With their cool nonchalance.  
     Seven coaches were filled,  
     And by waiters well drilled,

Bundles, baggage and truck  
Were placed. When the hour struck,  
Alert drivers again  
Grasped the tightening rein.

18.

A sharp twitch of their lips,  
A slight swish of their whips,  
Made the horses pull out,  
And soon fairly en-route  
We passed yesterday's view,  
Still refreshingly new,  
And rolled smoothly along,  
Tuned to Nature's sweet song.  
Yes; loud paeans and odes  
To these well preserved roads  
In grand chorus shall swell,  
Our Government to tell  
What most praiseworthy deeds  
For all citizens' needs  
It accomplished right here,  
In maintaining each year  
The great park and its roads,  
And its handsome abodes.  
For the sums it expends  
And protection it lends  
On the hundreds of miles,  
Passing narrow defiles  
Over steepest incline,  
And through forests of pine,

Near the swamps and the falls  
And most dangerous walls.

19.

With pathological thanks  
We are scaling the banks  
    Of a precipice rough,  
    With just barely enough  
Space, up there in the sky,  
Where to safely pass by,  
    There was built a strong bridge  
    Of cement, on the ridge.  
It is named "Golden Gate" ;  
Alone genius great  
    Could such issue impart  
    To the Engineer's art  
And mechanical skill.  
We look motionless still  
    From the high balustrade  
    On the rolling cascade.

20.

After viewing this spot  
With the kodak's last shot,  
    We re-enter the coach.  
    By a twisted approach  
Reach the "Silver Gate" nigh.  
The fine roadbed leads high

Over narrow extremes  
Our mountain-trained teams  
To a land of surprise,  
Where the rocks seem to rise  
From the depths of their graves,  
Like old Indian braves.  
Rocks, that once were the crown  
Of huge hills crumbled down,  
Are now called the "Hoodoos,"  
Which demure prison crews,  
Crouching lowly for miles,  
Seem intent on their wiles.

21.

High Mount "Sepulchre" now  
Shows its cold confined brow,  
While "Electrical Peak"  
Tries new life to bespeak.  
The "Obsidian Cliff,"  
As a monitor stiff,  
Points to fiery zones,  
With its high glazed cones,  
When the sun fairly shines  
On its basaltic lines.  
One grand crystallized lump,  
By some volcanic jump  
It came playfully at birth  
On the theater of earth.  
Several hundred feet high,  
Its rocks towering defy



The storm, weather and sun,  
But large crevices run  
    To deep rents on its face.  
    Though an object of grace  
From afar, yet when near  
A dark, cynic, cold leer  
    From the deep wrinkled frown  
    Stares your joyfulness down.  
The brow hangs o'er the way  
In presumptive decay.  
    Emblematic deceit,  
    So alluring and sweet  
On its surface to view,  
Yet its inwardness true  
    Is naught else than mere spite  
    Of some mischievous wight.

22.

Aboriginal tribes,  
So the story describes,  
    Sought material here  
    For their weapons austere,  
When in days long ago  
The crude arrow and bow  
    And the tomahawk bore  
    Savage traces of gore.  
Ev'ry lady and gent  
Tried with eager intent  
    To get curios rare  
    While sojourning there,

But no sprig, nor a stone  
Might they pick up to own,  
Nor a particle loose  
Gather in for their use,  
Save a piece of this glass  
From the straggling dark mass.

23.

Next comes "Beaver Lake" dam,  
A three-quarter mile jam  
Of mud, splinters and grass,  
One extensive morass.  
By the beaver's own trade  
'Twas instinctively laid;—  
This result of their skill  
And harmonious will.  
These strange animals build  
Like the carpenter guild,  
But instead of the saws  
Use their teeth and their jaws;  
They apply the adobe  
In original mode —  
Plaster tight all the cracks  
With their tails and their backs.  
Since the modernized coach  
Makes its rumbling approach  
To their plain, quiet homes,  
And the traveler roams  
There, with bold searching mien,  
They are leaving the scene

"Twin Lakes" are now seen ;  
 One sky-blue, one light green.  
     Straight, distinctly cut lines  
     Mark the color confines,  
 Yet they form but one lake,  
 And apparently take  
     Their abundant supplies  
     From the same springs and skies  
 By the fair forest's side  
 Lovely ; on the divide.  
     The "Atlantic" is fed  
     By one ; the other has shed  
 Its streams many a year  
 To the "Pacific" near.

Of the numerous things,  
 The cool mineral springs  
     Are quite worthy of note.  
     The unanimous vote  
 Has pronounced them a pure,  
 Pleasant, wholesome and sure  
     Antidote, curing ills  
     Without nauseating pills.  
 Ask your druggist to test  
 His own popular best  
     "Sparkling Draught" he prepares.  
     It by no means compares

With this native compound,  
Flowing fresh from the ground.  
    "Iron Water Springs," too,  
    Yield by nature a true  
Tonic, flowing their flood  
To replenish thin blood.  
    By the Government laws  
    Speculation's sharp claws  
Can not handle a drop ;  
You're invited to stop  
    And for pleasure's sweet sake,  
    Here at all times to take  
Freely any amount  
On your private account.

26.

After pleasant delays  
We strike burdensome ways,  
    Which, enjoyable too,  
    Are described in one view.  
No planned order is laid,  
The attention is paid  
    To the general contour  
    Of the following tour,  
Which quite anxious to learn,  
No adventure we spurn.  
    Casualty may  
    Bring us cheer or dismay,  
As our fortune wheels trend  
On the roads' crooked bend.

With their usual care  
Drivers skillfully dare,  
On these corkscrew-like curves,  
Test their steadiest nerves,  
And land safely their load  
By an inch of the road.  
Quick pulsation starts  
In the bravest of hearts,  
On the issue intent  
Of this stirring descent.  
Soon all fear is allayed;  
We are quietly swayed  
By the features around  
As we cover the ground.

27.

Now the air becomes filled  
With all kinds of distilled  
Combinations of smell,  
Which unerringly tell  
That the basin is near.  
We proceed with a cheer,  
Interchanged with a scare,  
Which all furtively share  
On the crested outline  
Of the verging decline.  
Qualms of heat on the void  
Vegetation destroyed,  
Check the hastening approach  
Of our quaint looking coach.

Springs of "Frying Pan" fame  
Bear the Devil's own name;  
While thus speaking the word  
"Thunder Mountain" is heard.  
    "Norris Station" ahead,  
    Snugly warmed by a bed  
Of great geysers, and all  
A perpetual squall.  
    Obscure rumblings grow plain;  
    Ragged edges explain  
The upheavals of yore  
We have come to explore.  
    Earth's prime wonders to see,  
    We halt cautiously;  
Nearly blinding to sight  
Are the miles of the white  
    Crusted chemical mass  
    We now nervously pass;  
So uncanny and weird  
And so frightfully bleared  
    Is the ominous space  
    In volcanic embrace,  
That with tremor we gaze  
On this wonderful maze  
    Of both fountain and shower.  
    'Tis Inferno's heat power,  
A grand moving display  
Of great torrents at play,  
    And from deepest abyss  
It emits a sharp hiss.

With a shuddering thrill  
One stands, breathless and still,  
    O'ercome by the spell  
    At this picture of hell,  
Where mad goblins below,  
Clasped in shackles of woe,  
    In one hideous whirl  
    So convulsively stir.  
Borne on sulphurous air,  
Their wild shrieks of despair  
    Throw their echoes around,  
    A loud, harrowing sound.

28.

Hear! they fume and they rage  
In their perilous cage,  
    And belch forth a great stream  
    Of hot water and steam;  
At times straight as a die,  
As if heaven to defy,  
    Then curved lowly to earth,  
    Quite ashamed of their mirth;  
Since, soon conquered, they must  
Bow down humbled to dust;  
    They fall back to their doom  
    In the dark, dismal tomb.  
Phantom funeral shrouds  
Rise, alarming the clouds;  
    Massive volumes of spray  
    Fleeing nimbly away,

Which when touched by the sun  
Into rainbows are spun.

29.

Sacred story of old  
Speaks of Lucifer bold,  
    Who God's equal would be  
    In that fatal melee,  
When he, proud of his sway,  
Led his minions astray,  
    And dared claim as his own  
    The Omnipotent's throne.  
Him Saint Michael did face  
With his Angels of grace,  
    And with God's help equipped,  
    The proud cohorts outstripped.  
In a moment of thought  
The great battle was fought;  
    From bright Heaven they fell  
    Swift as lightning, pell-mell.  
Chaos trembling in space  
Stamped the hideous trace  
    On our globe; and the clews  
    Musing fancy here views.  
Demure ghosts in defile  
Trace the place of exile,  
    Pallid corpses of woe  
    Guard the captives below.  
Far off, mustered in line,  
Angel monuments shine,



Nature's beautiful smile  
Standing guard all the while,  
And from sun-bathéd tiers  
Ring victorious cheers ;  
Telling witnesses they  
In one image portray  
In minutest detail  
On both mountain and vale  
The great struggle of old  
Here with emphasis told.

30.

Gruesome here ; pleasant there ;  
Contrast everywhere.  
Here bewildering care ;  
Angels beckoning there.  
Here the geysers' hot pool ;  
There the rivulets cool.  
Here the boisterous noise ;  
There sweet quietude's joys.  
Here all wrapped in the cares  
Of continual scares ;  
There in liberty's air,  
Casting off every care,  
You walk gayly among  
Nature's melody song.  
Here the bleachéd expanse ;  
There the woodland romance.  
Here the anarchist's trail ;  
There law and order prevail.

Here charred trunks and debris;  
There the evergreen tree.  
Here the coated remains;  
There the flowery plains.  
Here the cavernous flue;  
There bright vistas of blue.  
Here forbidding dark cells;  
There the welcome hotels.  
Here the senses are dulled;  
There harmoniously lulled.

31.

Still in good humored mood  
In the high altitude,  
Which at seven to eight  
(Or more) thousand feet rate,  
Gives invigorating air  
And an appetite fair,  
We push forward our way,  
Dusty, warm, but still gay.  
"Gibbon Valley" and falls  
With its cañon enthralls  
The soul; thus we roll on  
And soon enter upon  
"Fire-hole" river, a bright,  
Clear, picturesque sight.  
At night, fountain hotel  
Housed exceedingly well  
Our crowd. It is built  
On grounds, which like a quilt

All disfigured and torn,  
Are spread weirdly forlorn  
In a geyser's hot sphere,  
By all odds more severe  
Than the places we last  
So admiringly passed.

32.

Two great scenes of the park  
Are well worth the remark.  
Many people prefer,  
As they frankly aver,  
The sleek paint-pot's strange muss,  
Or the mud-geyser's fuss,  
To the steam and the spray  
In which geysers must play.  
The mud-geyser is fierce,  
Grinding, slashing, to pierce  
Through all bounds of restraint,  
While the paint-pots are faint,  
As they boil in a slow  
Way, their colors aglow.  
Here are paint-pots of mud —  
Circles, forming a stud  
Of rare colors; and set  
On the cap of the wet  
Landscape, may be seen  
With an interest most keen.  
The mud boiling like mush,  
Flour paste, or thick slush,

In rose, pink and light grays  
Sends its moisture in rays,  
Seeping over the rim,  
Down the face of a grim  
Looking hillside of stubs  
And disqualified shrubs.  
Here the bears have their home,  
Unmolested they roam;  
And according to rank  
And size, quietly flank  
The dark bordering line  
Of woods, ready to dine.

33.

The next morning found all  
Well prepared for the call  
Other wonders to see  
Of a varying degree.  
Numbering thousands in all,  
It is hard to recall  
Each imposing new sight  
By its name or its right  
Of a specialty mark  
On the face of the park.  
There's the "Hurricane" old,  
The "New Crater" so bold;  
Then the "Monarch's" deep pool  
And the "Constant's" fair rule.  
Then the "Devil's Inkstand,"  
And the "Congress Springs" band;

The "Prismatic Lake's" treat,  
The "Excelsior's" great feat.  
    "Fountain," "Clepsydra" hot,  
    And the "Mammoth Paint Pot" ;  
"White Dome," "Great Fountain's" life,  
The "Black Warrior's" strife.

    While some kept us amused,  
    Others flatly refused  
To exhibit their force,  
Stubborn, they, to the source  
    Of eruption withdrew.  
    It was awful to view  
These great monsters asleep  
In the caves of the deep,  
    Whose walls, rock-ribbed and worn,  
    Showed the strain they had borne.

34.

Ever onward we ride  
Up and down on the side  
    Of the mountain's ravine,  
    Till "Old Faithful" is seen.  
A prolific supply  
Of fonts, squirting up high,  
    And lakes, pools and long strings  
    Of ebullient springs,  
In succession appear.  
Day of Judgment seems near.  
    "Giants," "Lion," and his mate,  
    Their "Cubs," "Splendid," so great ;

"Grotto," "Grand," of renown,  
"Comet," "Castle" with frown;  
    "Mortar," "Sawmill" and "Fan,"  
    "Punch Bowl," drink if you can.  
"Jewel" and the "Cascade,"  
"Turban" properly made.  
    "Economic" and "Sponge,"  
    And "Surprise" in a lunge.  
Then strange "Riverside," too,  
And "Old Faithful," the true;  
    "Sunset," "Emerald" pool,  
    "Biscuit," "Blacksand" so cool.  
"Artemesia" alive,  
"Oblong," "Daisy," "Beehive."

35.

If a natural hive  
For enlargement would strive  
    To ten times its full size,  
    And by sudden surprise  
Like a geyser would act,  
'Twould be this one intact.  
    "Morning Glory Springs" bright,  
    Form a well of delight.  
Bear this flower in view,  
Then suppose it still grew  
    In size, fifty feet round;  
    Dig its form in the ground  
And be sure to imprint  
Its own loveliest tint

On the walls of the hole ; —  
Then your velvety bowl,  
Filled with water, that's clear,  
Will resemble this here.  
All the fountains and wells  
Work in different spells ;  
Some do comical freaks  
At times, resting for weeks ;  
Others daily appear.  
Few perform once a year,  
Like tragedians sublime ;  
Some keep accurate time ;  
But of all in the stew,  
Grand "Old Faithful" is true  
To his friends ; there's no fail  
Of his hourly tale  
Ev'ry day and at night  
In the glaring searchlight  
Of the "Old Faithful" inn,  
Season out, season in.

36.

The hotel is a fine  
Home of "Yellow Stone" pine.  
Massive logs with their bark,  
As they grew in the park,  
Were hewn — set into place  
As style, beauty or space  
Required thickness or length,  
Or a suitable strength.

Limbs in similar style  
Were cut, fitting the pile,  
    That presents, miles away,  
    A grand rustic display.  
Twigs and branches and root  
Were selected to suit.  
    Portal, bannister, hall,  
    Chairs, fixtures, the wall,  
Windows, gable and flume,  
Aisles, the walls of each room,  
    Raw materials adorn  
    Them ; by plans, genius born,  
Of architecture technique,  
Rustic, pleasing, unique,  
    Of original design  
    In a country of pine.

37.

An odd feature there, too,  
Is the chimney and flue ;  
    As in days long ago,  
    Burning logs sprightly throw  
Their warm rays over those  
Who come nestling up close  
    When a rest is desired,  
    Feeling chilly and tired.  
In the evening great sport  
Filled the quiet resort.  
    A Missourian born  
    Deftly cracked the pop-corn,



And the merry jokes dropped  
As the pop-corn was popped,  
    And the order went out  
    To all children about  
To enjoy the hot meal;  
Then the crowd did appeal.  
    Both the young and the old  
    Were real children, all told.

38.

What here pleases one most  
Is the genial host,  
    One old "Larry" by name,  
    And of national fame;  
His quick sallies of wit  
Have the genuine grit,  
    Are a gentleman's fun  
    And insulting to none.  
Flying humorous things,  
His jokes scatter no stings.  
    Like the wasp or the bee;  
    Resemble tips of the flea,  
Whose fine work is concealed  
And is easily healed.  
    One good story he spun  
    Of a nobleman's son,  
Whose inflated conceit  
Thought the rule to defeat  
    Of each going in line  
    To the tables to dine.

This great scion averred  
It had never been heard  
    That a man of his tone  
    Should not dine all alone ;  
That he hated a crowd,  
And hence must be allowed  
    The first privilege, you know,  
    Being Count "So and so."  
Such claims nettled the rest ;  
No American guest  
    Yields his fairly won race  
    In the scramble for place  
At this stage of the game.  
Only ladies may claim  
    To have preference shown,  
    A "Magna Charta" of their own.  
On equality's plan  
There's no privileged man.  
    To men serving the State  
    In Congressional debate,  
To diplomacy's star,  
To the heroes of war,  
    To executive lights,  
    Who from Government heights  
Keep law's order intact ;  
To all genius in fact,  
    To all people of note,  
    By unanimous vote  
Great distinction is shown ;  
A respect of their own

Held by courteous men,  
But not for Counts of "N. N."  
Disappointed, he took  
One long monacled look  
At the people; then bent  
On dire vengeance he went  
To the host of the place,  
Wild rage flushing his face,  
Sought a speedy redress  
For the slighted noblesse,  
Raised his quivering hand  
And said: "Please understand  
I'm a Count, much abused!"  
A Count; Larry now mused:  
"You count only for one,  
That is all can be done;  
If you count on a lunch,  
Please, sir, go with the bunch."

39.

The next morning we took  
The last lingering look  
At "Old Faithful's" display,  
And then pleased, went away.  
Twice we passed on the ride  
The "Continental Divide,"  
"Craig Pass," "Shoshone Point" view,  
And the "Lake Shore Springs" too;  
All instructive and fine.  
(Mammoth trees on our line.)

Our teams, somewhat fagged,  
At intervals lagged.  
There's a company code  
For the manner and mode  
By which drivers must act.  
It requires good tact  
To keep from the first start  
Certain distance apart  
From the coach just ahead;  
For there's always a dread  
Of an accident here,  
Should the road not be clear.  
Not a curse word was heard.  
An impatient word  
And the crack of the lash  
Gave new vigor and dash.

40.

Safely thus we bowled on,  
At noon lighted upon  
"Thumb Lunch Station," a place  
Where a spirited race  
For lunch daily occurs.  
The pure mountain air spurs  
Such competitive feat  
To get something to eat.  
And the prize is soon won  
By contestants; not one  
Need complain of the deal,  
As he meets his square meal,

Quickly served in its course  
By the skilled waiting force.

41.

As per schedule the tour  
After lunch gives an hour  
    To admire and inspect  
    The fine scenic effect  
As the waters expand  
In the shape of a hand;  
    The great thumb forms the bend,  
    To which distance doth lend  
Sweet enchantment in view  
Of the indigo blue,  
    As it gradually melts  
    In the higher air belts,  
Into azure and bright  
Revelations of light.  
    They who tell you and sigh,  
    "Go to Naples and die,"  
Tarry, silent and dumb,  
On the banks of the "Thumb."  
    If kind Nature's display  
    Brought no serious dismay  
With pale death in its train  
In a foreign domain;  
    Some sweet ecstasy will  
    Hold them thoughtfully still  
Just for beauty's own sake  
At the "Yellow Stone" lake.

'Tis a mirror, forsooth,  
 That reflects the plain truth,  
     As the mountains of faith  
     Here their images bathe,  
 And the heavenly sky,  
 Whose submerged effigy  
     Bids your deep-sunken hope  
     To rise, no more to grope  
 In the shadows below ;  
 Let encouragement grow  
     And ascend to skies blue,  
     And all efforts renew ;  
 Fair glass, placid and grand,  
 Whose soft waves greet the land,  
     Where pure smiles from above  
     Breathe fond zephyrs of love,  
 'Tis a message to earth  
 By Olympus' girth  
     Clasped exceedingly bright,  
     This enchanting delight.  
 In the whole world there is  
 But one higher than this,  
     Though in shape none excels  
     Our lake as it swells  
 In pride over the land,  
 Like a generous hand,  
     Wherein nature did trace  
     A great country's good grace.

It yields every sort  
Of amusement and sport.  
    Quite renowned for its fish,  
    A fresh, savory dish.  
If to angling inclined,  
It is here you will find  
    Opportunity fine  
    For the rod, hook and line.  
You may either employ  
A real bait or decoy,  
    Or a minnow or fly,  
    Or a grasshopper spry,  
You try catch all you can;  
No defined legal plan  
    Will conflict to arrest  
    Piscatorial zest.

43.

It is well to remark  
That throughout the great park,  
    Though the fisherman may  
    Ply his art any day,  
Yet no hunting is done  
With the trap or the gun;  
    Uncle Sam well protects  
    The park; daily inspects  
Its environs and scene  
To preserve them a clean  
    Work of nature's display;  
    Just improving the way,

Where safe travel and rest  
May please tourists the best.

44.

Our time has expired ;  
We have amply admired  
    The attractions of note.  
    Lovely pools, I might quote,  
And fine "Paint Pots" around.  
Also geysers abound,  
    With their usual muss,  
    But without fire and fuss.  
The good steeds after rest  
Now appeared to request  
    By their hurried approach  
    That we move to the coach ;  
Their sharp instinct has learned  
That now homeward they turned.  
    A fine steamer awaits,  
    Its proportion and rates  
Of the passenger crew,  
Who in doubt what to do  
    Leave their suffrage prevail  
    For a ride or a sail.  
The strong vessel was bought  
In small pieces and brought  
    By rail, wagon and teams  
    To the lake, where the beams  
Were joined, fitting each line  
Of the ship by design



Until all was complete  
To steer safely and fleet.  
A new ship is now made  
In the forest's cool shade  
Of a favorite dell,  
Near the "Lake View" hotel.  
The roads covered with dust,  
And the changes (that must  
Be made) scarcely begun,  
Stamped the ride a hard one.  
On this, or other pretense,  
At an extra expense,  
We were offered to take  
The white swan of the lake.  
Great inducements were shown,  
While reflection was thrown  
On the coach and the "horse,"  
All for us to indorse.  
Shall't be coaches or boat?  
It was settled by vote.

45.

Our party of nine  
Agreed all to decline  
The boat; others there were  
Who accepted the fare.  
The real pleasure it lends  
To be faithful as friends  
All through thick and through thin  
They neglected to win.

Our motto was plain :  
Staunch friends to remain,  
    And let come what there may,  
    We'll join fortunes and stay  
In the coach, as before,  
Drawn by "our Big Four."  
    So through all the gray dust  
    Not a darkening gust  
Of discouraging care  
Wafted in the warm air ;  
    But right happy all day,  
    And most courteously gay,  
Amid laughter and song  
We meandered along.  
    "Lake Side's" yellow hotel  
    Pleased us tolerably well.  
All the servants and boss  
Were preparing to cross  
    O'er the dense timber land,  
    Till next year to disband,  
Except lake, fish and bear,  
There was no specialty there.

46.

Without much incident  
Quickly farther we went,  
    To what some thought to be  
    Best of all you could see ;  
For "Grand Cañon" to do  
Was our object in view.

A strange sight of the day  
Was a snake on the way.  
Of all whimsical streams,  
Writhing "Snake River" seems  
Queerest, wending its way  
With a tedious delay ;  
Quite reluctant to move  
In its slime-covered groove,  
Moving forward some rods,  
It turns back at all odds  
In delirious mood,  
As if feeding the brood  
Of young snakes in the grass ;  
Paying tribute to pass.  
The "Great Falls" being near,  
It moves slowly from fear,  
Like the gloom that lies low  
Before thunder storms blow.

47.

Why the N. P. R. R.  
Has adopted, at par,  
As its emblem of note  
This design so remote  
It is hard to surmise.  
From its own enterprise,  
Which has carved a fine bed,  
On which daily are sped  
From the East to the West,  
With good comfort and rest,

Men of every class,  
And goods — tons shipped en-masse.  
It may be to contrast  
With the century past,  
When with wearisome climb,  
At much loss of his time,  
The explorer must seek  
His way over the peak  
And the gulches, and pass  
Forests, streams, and a mass  
Of irregular piles  
Of rock stretching for miles.

48.

But we will not delay  
At the camps on the way.  
Hear, the steeds slowly tread  
Their pace. Lo, things to dread  
Speak instinctively now  
At the "Elephant's" brow,  
With mysterious air  
Bid us all enter there.  
In that region of dreams  
The Creator, it seems,  
His great masterpiece drew  
In one wonderful view.  
By some heavenly hints  
All the various tints  
Were diffused on the sight  
From abyss to sunlight.

Blending colors on stone,  
That so wondrously shone  
    In those awful ravines,  
    Drew majestic scenes.  
Rainbow arches ahead  
O'er deep chasms were spread,  
    Where the cataract fell,  
    Sights no language can tell.  
And no words can impart  
The Almighty's fine art,  
    Used in shaping this land,  
    So tremendously grand;  
With all beautiful, too,  
Grows the ravishing view  
    To mortality's eye  
    Spellbound rapturously.  
Huge formations are cast,  
Like veiled nuns of the past  
    In procession adore  
    Nature's God evermore,  
Singing chorals of love,  
Praise the Maker above  
    Of that mystical shrine,  
    Where all powers combine.

49.

Here the "Yellow Stone's" flood,  
With a soul-stirring thud,  
    By a marvelous force,  
    In its turbulent course,

With a roar and a splash,  
And a deafening clash,  
    Runs wild over the walls,  
    And with lightning speed falls  
On vast columns, that bore  
The shock centuries before ;  
    And is churned into foam  
    'Neath the nebulous dome,  
Which spectral like looms  
O'er the dead river's tombs ;  
    Yet the stream is not dead.  
    'Tis a silvery thread,  
Through the cañon's dark space ;  
Whose path you can trace  
    By the turreted walls  
    And the castle-formed halls,  
By cathedrals and spire  
An effulgence of fire  
    In the glare of the sun,  
    All a glorious One.

50.

The good friends whom we met  
We shall never forget.  
    Neither joys of the past  
    Nor the present will last,  
But in memory's fold  
They shall often be told.  
    All the kindness displayed  
    On excursions we made

O'er mountain and dale  
With fondness we hail.

In the "Yellow Stone" Park  
The quick, humorous spark  
Flashed so graciously bright  
As a source of delight.

May for years yet to come,  
Of all brightness the sum,  
A sound, hearty, good laugh  
Be our traveling staff  
On life's changeable ways  
Of success and delays.











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